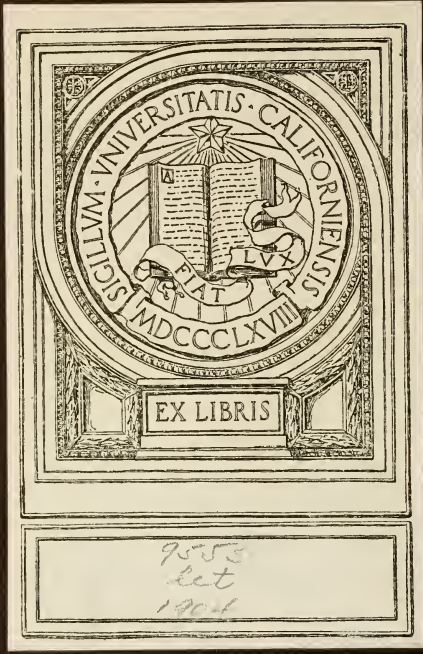


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THE
LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
AND
CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE
TO
ROBERT CHAMBERS



A. Chambers.

THE LETTERS OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
AND
CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE
TO
ROBERT CHAMBERS
1821-45

WITH ORIGINAL MEMORANDA OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

PRINTED FROM MANUSCRIPTS
IN THE POSSESSION OF
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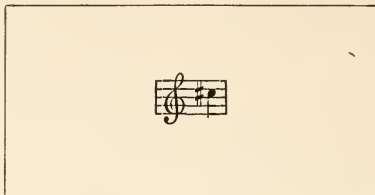
INTRODUCTION.

THE early life of Robert Chambers embracing the period of his connection with Sir Walter Scott has already been described by his brother William in the *Memoir* of himself. But while Dr William Chambers had access to many early papers now in my possession, he made little use of these, and printed no letters of this period. The letters of Sir Walter Scott printed in the *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers* (1872) were written at a later date, and have no reference to that subject which first awakened in the great man sympathy for a young and struggling literary aspirant. With the exception of the above-mentioned letters, any extracts now printed from Scott manuscripts belonging to me appear for the first

time. One of these papers, recently discovered, is the first portion (incomplete) of a History of the Canongate, and may have formed part of that work on the antiquities of Edinburgh which Scott, in collaboration with Mr Skene of Rubislaw, had at one time intended to write. After seeing the first two parts of Robert Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Scott's original idea—as we are told by the author in his Preface to the last revised edition—was abandoned, and many of his notes handed on to his youthful protégé and friend. The same Preface makes it no less clear that, besides Sir Walter Scott, Robert Chambers was equally indebted to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe for much valuable information. The series of letters from Mr Sharpe now printed, while slight and unimportant in themselves, are at the same time curious and original, besides being typical of the man himself, as described by contemporaries. Robert Chambers's account of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is very striking, and gives a better idea of this eccentric genius than is to be found in any biography. It reads as follows:

‘Looking back from the year 1868, I feel that C. K. S. has himself become, as it were, a tradition of Edinburgh. His thin, effeminate figure, his voice pitched *in alt.*—his attire, as he took his daily walks on Princes Street: a long blue frock-coat, black trousers (rather wide below, and sweeping over white stockings and neat shoes), something like a web of white cambric round his neck, and a brown wig coming down to his eyebrows—had long established him as what is called a character. He had recently edited a book containing many stories of diablerie, and another in which the original narrative of ultra-presbyterian Church History had to bear a series of cavalier notes of the most mocking character. He had a quaint, biting wit, which people bore as they would a scratch from a provoked cat. Essentially, he was good-natured and fond of merriment. He had considerable gifts of drawing, and one caricature portrait by him, of Queen Elizabeth dancing, “high and disposedly,” before the Scotch ambassadors, is the delight of everybody who has seen it. In jest upon his own peculiarity of voice, he formed an address-

card for himself consisting simply of the following anagram :



quasi dicitur C Sharp. He was intensely aristocratic, and cared nothing for the interests of the great multitude. He complained that one never heard of any gentlefolks committing crimes nowadays, as if that were a disadvantage to them or the public. Any case of a Lady Jane stabbing a perjured lover would have delighted him. While the child of whim, Mr Sharpe was generally believed to possess respectable talents, by which, with a need for exerting them, he might have achieved distinction. His ballad of the "Murder of Caerlaverock," in the *Minstrelsy*, is a masterly production; and the concluding verses haunt one like a beautiful strain of music :

To sweet Lincluden's haly cells
Fu' dowie I'll repair ;
There Peace wi' gentle Patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew ;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight, sae brave and true.

'After what I had heard and read of Charles Sharpe, I called upon him at his mother's house, No. 93 Princes Street, in a somewhat excited frame of mind. His servant conducted me to the first floor, and showed me into what is generally called amongst us the back drawing-room, which I found carpeted with green cloth, and full of old family portraits, some on the walls, but many more on the floor. A small room leading off this one behind was the place where Mr Sharpe gave audience. Its diminutive space was stuffed full of old curiosities, cases with family bijouterie, &c. One petty object was strongly indicative of the man—a calling-card of Lady Charlotte Campbell, the once adored beauty, stuck into the frame of a picture. He must have kept it at that time about thirty

years. On appearing, Mr Sharpe received me very cordially, telling me he had seen and been pleased with my first two numbers. Indeed, he and Sir Walter Scott had talked together of writing a book of the same kind in company, and calling it *Reekiana*, which plan, however, being anticipated by me, the only thing that remained for him was to cast any little matters of the kind he possessed into my care. I expressed myself duly grateful, and took my leave. The consequence was the appearance of notices regarding the eccentric Lady Anne Dick, the beautiful Susanna Countess of Eglintoune, the Lord Justice-Clerk Alva, and the Duchess of Queensberry (the "Kitty" of Prior), before the close of my first volume. Mr Sharpe's contributions were all of them given in brief notes, and had to be written out on an enlarged scale with what I thought a regard to literary effect as far as the telling was concerned.'

Dr Chambers has mentioned in the above sketch that Mr Sharpe's collection of antiquities was very extensive; and, after his death in 1851, his china, books, and prints were disposed of by public auction in Edinburgh.

Among the many rarities may be mentioned a set of chess-men of the twelfth century found in 1831 in the Island of Skye, and (with the exception of the Charlemagne set) supposed to be the oldest chess-men in existence. The collection also included some gruesome curiosities, such as the skull of William first Duke of Queensberry, the coffin-plate of George fourth Earl of Winton, and part of the shroud of King Robert the Bruce. He also possessed the brass-mounted tea-caddy used by Mrs M'Lehose (Burns's Clarinda), and a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts* presented by Burns to Clarinda, with the following inscription: 'To Mrs M'Lehose this poem, the sentiments of the Heirs of Immortality told in the numbers of Paradise, is respectfully presented by Robert Burns.' A note in the handwriting of Clarinda followed, presenting the volume to Mr Sharpe. It would be interesting to know what became of this volume, which, so far as I am aware, has disappeared since the dispersal of Mr Sharpe's library more than fifty years ago.

In addition to the letters and papers of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe now printed, the

present writer has in his possession the original manuscript of Robert Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, which contains many verses in Mr Sharpe's holograph. Writing in the *Scotsman* for 20th March 1851, John Hill Burton says: 'It is to be feared that with Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—himself the type of an obsolete generation—there has perished a world of anecdote of the Scotch, noblesse and gentry, of the last age. There is no hope of his posthumous memoirs: one of the great houses of the Row offered him a large sum for his autobiography; but, as might have been expected, he spurned the temptation.'

While Robert Chambers's connection with Sir Walter Scott is frequently referred to both in his own writings and those of his brother William, the following memoranda are interesting, and have not hitherto been published. They occur in a manuscript autobiography commenced in 1832, and carried no farther than that year.

In describing his life during the year 1822, Dr Chambers records the following incident: 'Furnished with a letter of introduction from

Mr Constable, I proceeded to the poet's residence in Castle Street, where I had the good fortune to find him in his study. He received me, as he received every one who approached him, with a homely kindliness of manner which at once placed me at my ease. He made inquiry respecting my occupation; and, having been informed that I dealt partly in old books, requested that I would let him know when I happened to possess any of particular rarity or value. After some further conversation, I took my leave, astonished at the gentle and easy manners of a man whom I had been accustomed to regard as of a superior order of beings, and delighted with the reflection that I would even have it to say, perhaps many years after he should be dead and gone, that I had seen and talked to him.'

In the same year Dr Chambers says that literature and caligraphy were still his chief employments. 'In the former department I compiled a small volume which was published in autumn 1822, entitled *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*. . . . My connection with

the southern district of Scotland to which Sir Walter himself belonged, gave me a facility in ascertaining the prototypes of many of his characters . . . and I have since had the satisfaction of learning from his notes to the uniform edition of the Waverley Novels, that I was generally correct in my assumptions. In August this year George the Fourth paid his visit to Edinburgh, and Sir Walter Scott, as president of the Royal Society, was able to put some lucrative work in my way. The address of that society, written by himself and expressed with as much brevity as elegance, was sent to me by his recommendation, to be drawn up in my best style of penmanship. For this duty, which occupied me two days, I was paid five guineas. Three other societies, the Wernerian, the Medical, and the Caledonian Horticultural, hearing of me from some members of the Royal Society, brought me their addresses to write also; and I cleared about eighteen pounds in little more than a week. To crown all, I was apprised that the King, at a private inspection of the addresses in Dalkeith Palace, was pleased to remark on

the curious neatness of hand with which mine were written. It is, however, but justice to myself to observe that, young as I was, I never felt the least flattered by any compliments paid to me on the score of my caligraphic exhibitions. I not only entertained a secret contempt for the accomplishment, but believed that many others would have excelled in it to as great a degree as myself if they had only tried. . . . I hated to be thought only a cunning workman in the art of writing when I was in reality ambitious of the moral honours of the pen.'

A year later, and shortly after the *Traditions of Edinburgh* had been commenced, Dr Chambers reports that he renewed his friendship with Sir Walter Scott. 'He called upon me one day with Mr Lockhart, whom I had formerly seen; and, sitting down on a form, began to discourse familiarly about my publication, the subject of which was so much a favourite with him that he had intended to write upon it himself, in conjunction with Mr Skene of Rubislaw. Having heard that Chas. Kirkpatrick Sharpe was among the number of

my informants (intelligence which I now confirmed) he concluded that part of the work was written by that gentleman. . . . Sir Walter accordingly took up a copy of the newly published volume; and, saying to Mr Lockhart he would show him a capital passage, read aloud a somewhat droll account of the many marriages of the Earl of Eglintoune. "I could have told you," said he, laughing heartily, "that that was Sharpe's, it is so *very* like him." The passage was in reality my own writing . . . and in a note which I had occasion to write that evening to Mr Lockhart I mentioned the mistake of his distinguished father-in-law, which Mr L. answered me in reply he would take an opportunity of explaining to Sir Walter.'

After 1824, as was perhaps almost inevitable, Dr Chambers saw little of Sir Walter Scott, although some correspondence passed between them; and various references are to be found in Scott's last diaries to contemporary works of Robert Chambers, copies of which were no doubt sent to Abbotsford on publication.

Of Dr Chambers's career subsequent to the death of Sir Walter Scott little need be said

here. Although no adequate biography has yet been written, his name and memory are bound up with the literary history of the nineteenth century. While his early labours were helped and encouraged by the friendship of Scott and many of his distinguished contemporaries, his middle-age, lightened by prosperity, was associated with the great advance in cheap literature and educational progress. During later life, whilst resident in London, he found congenial work at the British Museum and pleasant seclusion in the library of the Athenæum Club, at which latter resort he enjoyed the society of many learned *confrères* famous in their day, but now, like himself, no longer with us. By nature an antiquary and deeply versed in the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland, he finally settled at St Andrews, where he combined relaxation on the golf-links with research into the history and traditions of the ancient cathedral city. Here he died in March 1871, and, as a special mark of distinction, was interred within the Tower of St Regulus, which forms a portion of the ruins of that famous Cathedral.

To many of the present generation the name of Robert Chambers conveys little significance; but his *Traditions of Edinburgh*—associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott, and crammed with eighteenth-century anecdote and story—must always remain a standard work, a delight to the student of history, and a source of interest and amusement to the tourist who visits the Metropolis of Scotland.

C. E. S. CHAMBERS.

EDINBURGH, *June* 1903.

LETTERS

FROM

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

 PRINCES STREET,
Wednesday Night, — April 1824.

SIR,—I have laid my hands upon two notices that may be of use to you: one from the Somerville MS.—a portion never printed; the other from Hay's MSS. in the Advocates' Library. You know that Sir Robert Gordon, in his *History of the Sutherlands*, laughs immoderately at the Sinclair puffs.

Apropos, there is a poem on the sad deaths of Lord and Lady Sutherland in Evan's Ballads. I think I have seen other poems on the same subject.

I have to furnish you with notes on Lady Stair's Close, on Queensberry House, on Lord

Royston's house, and Mrs Smollett's. If I forget any of these, remind me. I am not well, and very blind. Don't forget Mary King's Close, which makes such a figure in *Satan's Invisible World*. I think you have not mentioned the horrible murder committed by a tutor upon his two pupils near where this part of the town now stands. On second thoughts, surely there will be no harm in printing the poisoning story in Lady Lovat's case. Whereabouts was it in the Old Town that Mrs Macfarlane shot her lover? She is the heroine in *Peveril*. I have a curious letter with the whole story; Pope alludes to it in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

—Yours very truly, C. K. S.

Mem.—Dr Smollett's mother had a house near the top of St John's St., a flat—she was very fond of cards—an ill-natured looking woman, with a high nose—but not of a bad temper—a Lady, a near relation of mine, was in her house one evening, when one of the Edin: baillies who was a tallow-chandler, paid her a visit—she said—come awa, baillie, and

take a trick at the cards—troth, Madam, I hae nae siller—Than let us play for a pound of candles. When the Doctor resided with her, on his last visit to Scotland, he was afflicted with ill health (his constant misfortune) and very peevish—he wore black cloaths—a tall man—and extremely handsome—no picture of him is known to be extant—all that have been foisted on the public as such his relations disclaim—this I know from my aunt, Mrs Smollett, who was the wife of his nephew; and who resided with him in Bath. Jerry Melford in *Humphrey Clinker* was intended to represent his nephew (his sister's son) Major Telfair—Liddy, his own daughter, who was destined to be the wife of the Major—but her death, to the deep sorrow of her father, destroyed that plan—the Miss R——n, whom Jerry admired so much, in Edin: was by Lady Elenora Renton, dr. of John Renton of Lammerton by Lady Susan Montgomerie, dr. of the Earl of Eglington—and sister to Mrs Smollett, the Doctor's niece by marriage—Miss Renton was subsequently the wife of Charles Sharpe of Hoddam

—the common report of the day was that Tabetha was intended for his own wife—but without foundation—she was a silly woman, and a fine lady—a dark complexion, rather pretty—a creole, as I think my aunt told me.

Miss Nicky Murray was a daughter of Lord Stormont—an old maid, who long presided over the Edinburgh Assembly, with a most dictatorial sway—when the happy dancers crowded round Nicky's throne to beg that she would prolong the ball, she would frequently not vouchsafe even an answer—but rising up, prim in maidenly mouth, and stately inconsequential air, with one wave of her fan—the fiddlers vanished :—

‘—quick from the summit of the grove they fell
and left it unharmonious.’

The Covenant was signed at the *head* of the close—in third house right hand :—

The first edition of *Peregrine Pickle* is very curious; the author having greatly altered it in the second—I have heard that the mistake respecting the funeral of a Lady whom her

sons forgot, mentioned in *Clinker*, took place at Billie—the Lady, Mrs Hume, was murdered by Norman Ross, her servant.

Monday Evening, — April 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I have not, for many reasons, been able to see you, but on no sinister account. I could give you no light as to the ring, though I believe there is no rule respecting marriage, &c. But the jeweller may know better.

I think you had better leave out the anecdote of the eagle in the MS. you formerly sent, as it may displease the Abercairney family, and can do nobody good.

I know nothing of the Quakeress but what you know. But pray don't put in *all* you have *heard*, as it will not only hurt the feelings of her relations, but spoil the keeping of a very interesting portrait.

Dolls—ladies who were not mad used to dress dolls. From Mrs Thomson's *Jewel Book* it appears that Queen Marie had dresses for dolls, and a bed for them; I suppose they were French fashions. And not many years

ago, ladies made likenesses of their friends in the shape of dolls, and put them in glass cases, with a landscape painted behind. I have seen such things very prettily done. You will find some things written as I went through your book—which much amused me. Remind me to send you an account of what our Nurse Jenny called the Paddo Song.—Yours truly in much haste,

C. K. S.

Sunday Night, (— March 1824).

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I enclose some notes that may be of use to you. Pray insert the remarks on our improvements, amplified as much as you please, as they may be of much use both to our love of antiquity and to our purses. You need not care about affronting the Town Council. You will do me a favour if you insert these hastily written notices in the first work you publish. In reward I promise you Madame Macfarlane shortly, which will be one of the most curious notices in your book, as the story has all the requisites of high tragedy.—Truly Yours,

C. K. S.

In October 1716—Mrs M'Farlane, a Writer's wife, shot Mr Cayley, one of the Commissioners on the Forfeited Estates, with his own pistols, in her house in Edinburgh. She was a great beauty, and had carried on an intrigue with him, as was said, for some time—but he boasting of her favours, on paying court to another mistress, she resolved on revenge. her husband borrowed his pistols—and was in an ale house hard by, when Cayley called upon his wife—she took him into her bed room, and fired off one pistol, which only wounded him in the wrist; but the second shot went through his heart—she then locked the door of the bed room, and sent for her husband, who gave her what money he had, and she absconded—M'Farlane declared before the Lords of Justiciary that he knew nothing of the murder before hand—and here the affair seems to have ended.

Among the MSS. in Advocates' Library is a dull and very indecent poem, called 'the nynth sett of lyrics on Mrs Macfarlane's intrigue with Squire Kello.'

She was extremely beautiful—and I have
D

heard that she hid herself for some time in a gentleman's house on the border—where a child going one morning unexpectedly into the parlour, saw the most lovely figure she had ever beheld, sitting at the breakfast table; making tea—this reminds one of Lady Derby's appearance from behind the pannel, in *Peeveril of the Peak*.

I have heard that Cayley was one of the Commissioners for settling the forfeited estates, sent down from England 1715—the poem mentioned above favours this tradition.

'Let them say I am romantic. so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. on my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth anybody's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither Mrs Macfarlane for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.'—*Pope to Lady Mary W. Montagu*.

Monday Night,—(1824).

DEAR MR C.,—I send some trifling notices which you may make use of as you please. Your fear of offending me as to my age made me laugh extremely, as I never pretended to be an Adonis even in my youth. I think you may contrive to make the next number very curious.—Yours truly, C. K. S.

An old lady of seventy-five tells me that in her youth black velvet masks, covering the whole face, were worn, when women travelled in open carriages, or walked abroad in very cold weather. They were kept on by a bead, fixed by a string across the mouth of the mask ; said bead being held in the wearer's mouth. She says that this did not interrupt tittle-tattle in the smallest degree.

THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH.

The Duchess of Monmouth was very crooked, and had one leg shorter than the other. As her husband had been invested with all the dignities of a Prince of the Blood, she kept up her state to the last, having only one

seat in her room (and that generally under a canopy) for herself; so her visitors were compelled to stand. When Lady Margaret Montgomery, daughter to Alexander 9th Earl of Eglintoune, was at a boarding school near London, she was frequently invited by the Duchess to her house; and because her great grandmother, Lady Mary Lesley, was sister to the Duchess's mother, she was allowed the extraordinary privilege of a chair. It is said that she made a rule of being served on the knee, but this is not probable; indeed some letters of hers still extant, prove her to have been a shrewd, benevolent woman, and exhibit no traits whatever of a haughty Princess of the Blood.

Wednesday Night, — (1824).

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I send you a cart-load of remembrances, of which make what use you please. I wrote so hastily that I dare say both my grammar and spelling are wretched. Pray, when you have made what you can of the inclosed, send it back, all but the Elegy, which I have written so that it may be torn

off, to save you trouble; and you will do me a particular favour by printing it. I find my memory so decayed, that these notes may help it shortly; and that is the reason for my wish to have them again. Alter anything you please, *but matter of fact*. You may depend upon the truth of all I have sent, and so I wish you good-night.

C. K. S.

I wish you could contrive to get me a sight at least of the songs you mentioned. Tell the person who has them, that I don't print for pay; and that I may be able to help him in other matters, if he oblige me in this.

The Wemyss family had a house in the Parliament Close. After Porteous's affair the girls, his sisters, tucked up this Lord Wemyss's grandfather, then a boy, over a door, in imitation of this strange scene; he was black in the face before he was cut down.

The stays were worn so long sixty years ago that they touched the chair, both front and rear, when a lady sat; and were laced so tight, that people held by the bed-post, while the abigail was lacing their armour. A

lady of high rank, about the year 1720, stinted her daughters as to diet, on account of their shapes. She went early to bed; and her family, having the cook in their interest, used to unlace their stays at night, and make a hearty meal. They were at last discovered from the smell of a roast goose carried up to their bed-chamber—as unluckily their lady mother took no snuff. This was in Scotland.

The French silks worn fifty years ago (1775) are beautiful; the pattern so well drawn, and superior to modern stuff. The dearest common brocade was about a guinea a yard; if of gold or silver, considerably more. The lappets did not come under the chin, but hung from behind; sometimes a smaller pair were brought from behind, and tied as the court lappets now.

Snuff-taking, among young women, was prevalent in our grandmother's time. Their flirts used to present them with pretty snuff-boxes. The shape of hoops was curious; the pocket hoop, worn in the morning, was like a pair of small panniers, such as one sees on an ass. I have one. The bell hoop was a sort of

thing made like a bell, a petticoat with cane, and sometimes strong rope, not quite full-dress. Then there was a straw petticoat, a sort of hoop such as one sees in French prints. The large evening hoop was so monstrous, that you saw one half of it enter the room before the wearer.

All women, high and low, wore an enormous busk, generally with a heart carved at top. In low life a common present from their sweet-hearts, and artificially finished if they chanced to be carpenters.

— June 1824.

DEAR MR C.,—Lady Wallace's* grandmother was a daughter of Lord Eglintoune, not her

* My father, who knew these young gentlewomen well, told me that the first time he ever saw the Duchess of Gordon, she was riding astride upon a sow in the High Street, and Lady Wallace thumping it on with a stick. You may print this if you like, but don't quote *my father*. The Duchess's grandmother, a daughter of Lord Eglintoune, was my mother's aunt—an excellent woman. Her daughter, Miss Katty M——, went on the town and wrote her own memoirs—*The Amours and Adventures of Miss Katty M——* She was debauched by a villain, Sir J—— H——, who afterwards made a figure

mother; but I think you had better put it: 'For Miss Betty read Miss Eglintoune,' and add no more. I am glad that my information was right as to Mrs Elphinstone after all.—
Yours truly, C. K. S.

Pray let me have the additional pages for my two copies of your third number when they are finished.

Thursday Night, — June 1824.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I am so kilt all over with rheumatism, as Irishmen speak, that I can scarcely hold a pen; but here are my criticisms, which I send in a hurry, lest your credit should be spilt about Lady Stair. You say that she went on a gossiping visit to Holyrood House. Now, it is twenty times repeated in the *proofs*, that she desired an at law for ill-treating his wife, a daughter of Lord Cathcart. . . . This is a horror which should not be mentioned, so I only tell it to you. [Mr George Seton informs me that Lady Jane Maxwell, granddaughter of the Duchess of Gordon, was half-aunt to Mr Sharpe's mother, and that her third daughter Catherine was evidently the person alluded to in the above memorandum.—Ed.]

audience, having heard of her accusation. As most people who are likely to read your book have the Douglas cause at their fingers' ends, and these anecdotes may make other persons peep at them, I beg you to beware; for the chief merit of a book like this is accuracy, and if you are blown up in that quarter, 'Good-night to Marmion.'

Item, I wish you would alter 'more like a trooper.' It is a colloquial phrase that sounds very vulgar in print. But this is of little import, as Edinburgh people don't know the difference.

The arrangement of Lord Kaim's epitaph I don't like. The thing is ill written at best. But I think it should, in justice to the author, be printed as he composed it, and as I transmitted it to you. However, take your own way—it will be tiresome to alter the types.

Once more I thank you for your undeserved compliment to me. But I don't understand the inverted commas at 'ingenious and indefatigable,' as I am not aware of the source from whence the quotation is taken.

I had a curious little book sent to me

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lately by Sir W. Scott, in which is a very minute account of the riding of the Parliament, which may be of use to you. Of course it is at your service.

I forgot in the hurry of my last to tell you that I believe Lord Lovat always wore a wig. Hogarth painted him in one, and another portrait I have seen has the same. He was too old latterly to have much hair of his own—and I am too old to be able to write more, so good-night! C. K. S.

Sunday Night, — June 1824.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—You will see one thing to be altered, which everybody would have detected. I inclose the *Paddo Song*,* written very slovenly—for I am at present tormented with a bad eye. As to the corrections, I would advise you, *now*, not to say a word about Mally, for it will do much harm; and as nobody sees the book now lent to me, and I can keep that secret, and the new verses *may* be from a different copy, the thing

* See Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1826).

will probably pass. At all events, run the risk; but don't get into peril any more—'tis 'going to the deil wi' a dishclout, &c.' There is a great error in one of your early numbers, which you can easily correct. The President Lockhart was murdered in a close, which afterwards took its name from him, and was pulled down when those odious new buildings were erected near the jail. This, I think, appears from Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, and I have always been aggrieved of it. If you behave well, I promise you for your next volume a chapter on Scotch costumes, with original tailors' bills, and another on Scotch portraits and painters. *Item*, I cannot find the note about the Pudding Sommervilles, but am sure that I have it somewhere, and that I shall discover it shortly. Good-night. C. K. S.

Lord Gardenstone had a predilection for pigs—one, in its juvenile years, took a particular fancy for him—it followed him wherever he went, like a dog, and reposed in the same bed—when it became a large sow, this, of course, was inconvenient—so my Lord, when

he undressed, left his clothes on the floor for the sow to lie upon—he said he liked it, as this kept his clothes warm till the morning. You may add much more of him.

Doctor Grahame, the mountebank, who wrote so much, and invented the Celestial bed, would make an excellent article—he resided at one time in Edin: and sold his library here.

When Mrs Bellamy came hither, she was a red faced woman, given to drink—she lived with Digges, in a most extravagant manner, she gave a man ten guineas to carry her favourite canary birds to Glasgow, in cages in his hands—her acting was formal; she had a peculiar sweetness of voice—the play house was then in the old town.

Digges was the darling of all Play frequenters, and sought after by all the young men of fashion of that time—he was supposed to be the natural son of a nobleman—very handsome—when he performed Captain Macheath all the ladies were in ecstasies—he came to some tragical conclusion—I forget what.

In a 4to book published by a man of the name of Campbell, is an account of the female

intellectual club—enquire about this, as it will be a peg to hang verses upon.

Friday Evening, May 6, 1825.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I am much obliged to you for the dedication, in which I have made one slight alteration—kindness and kind coming too close—and I think, anyhow, the castration is an improvement.

I inclose some notices; and will send more when I have leisure. In the meantime, let me have again the paper which the Miss Campbells of Newfield gave me. I like to retain such documents. *N.B.*—I wish you would put at the end of the volume, the date of the sale of their estate, as they seemed anxious to have that particular inserted.

Item, you printed *an* English mutch, in place of *the*, in your extract from Lady D's song, which hurts the thing; the English mutch must have been some peculiar mutch of that day. I have now a genuine copy of Sally Lee; and am sorry you put such a deal of your own to it. Indeed, whispers are now rife as to authenticity, and an author who is

once convicted, nay, suspected, is never believed in anything. This has not been owing to my advice, as you well know. Miss Sally was a country beauty, and probably never in Edinburgh in her life; moreover, May Drummond never wore a black velvet tippet; and no mortal ever saw Princess Dashkoff with a black star on her back, except your friend the old gentleman, who may be the black old gentleman for anything I know.

I think the scrap you inclosed is very well, but not old; yet people have harped so long on love and cruelty, that nothing very new can be said on such subjects. After twenty, I became weary of such effusions.—Yours very truly,
C. K. S.

Lady Lockhart, wife of Sir William Lockhart, so infamously remarkable for his cruelties in the Highlands after the rebellion, being the person who put in execution General Hawley's order, written on the ten of diamonds, hence called the curse of Scotland, for burning a number of Highlanders in a barn, resided in a house at Toulbriggs.

I remember Lord Monboddo on the bench. He was like an old stuffed monkey, in a judge's gown. I have heard (but I don't believe it) that he was so much convinced of his own favourite system as to tails, that when a child was born in his house, he would watch and see it in its first state. He had a notion that the midwives pinched off the infants' tails.

Hugo Arnot was so thin, that he resembled a clothed skeleton—he married his cook maid whom he had imbued with his irreligious principles—when she sat at the head of his dinner table, she used to shock his Philosophic guests by talking of—'we Atheists'—his daughter drowned herself for love of some soldier, at the black rocks at Portobello—a sad example of the fruits of her father's doctrine—(I can give you a diverting note to this).

Edinburgh is surely now happy, in being free from such nuisances as Hume, Arnot &c. The young men of their day became free thinkers from fashion; they took no time to examine the truth of the doctrines most conducive to happiness both here and hereafter, but pinned their faith upon the sleeves of a set of meta-

physical mountebanks, who for gain, or from vanity, vended their poisonous trash (and dull vulgar trash it was—Hume's *Essays* &c. &c. far inferior to the arsenic of the French Encyclopedists, for there there is wit, and language to gild the destructive pill) and imagined that they were men of genius, because they laughed at all religions—the horrors of the French Revolution put an end to this—I well remember the change—now a days, few people have to profess such principles openly—if they do, they are thought fools for their pains, both by those who hold their own creed, and by persons of a better persuasion.

There is no series of books so dull as that of Scottish Metaphysics—harmless, or offensive—as with all our fanaticism we never produced one standard book on religion, so with all our scepticism we have never put forth a philosophical work that is at all worth the trouble of a perusal.

Lady Maxwell of Monreith, mother of the Duchess of Gordon and Lady Wallace, resided, when a widow, in a flat in Foulis's Close—with a dark passage. You passed the kitchen

door going to the parlour. There were generally in said passage the fineries of her beautiful daughters, hung on a screen after washing. Lady Wallace used to be sent to the Fountain Well with the tea-kettle, for water for tea.—Miss Jeanie Elliot, the authoress of the *Flowers of the Forest*, resided in Brown's Square, in the first house, left hand, after you pass through the coach entry. I have often visited her there. She was very agreeable, with a fund of anecdote. She had never been handsome.

In the same square resided Mr George Muir, writer to the Signet, father of the present Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart.

In the Horse Wynd stands Galloway House, with urns at top—the old Lady Galloway used to go out to tea in her coach and six—when she drank tea in the Wynd, the leaders were sometimes at the door of the house she was going to, when she was stepping into the carriage.—the house afterwards belonged to Sir — Moncrieff, and the Galloway family had a house near the head of the West Bow.

The entrance to Minto House was from that

Wynd; an arched gate way—I remember it—over, or on one side, I forget which, was Lord Minto's Study. the stair was forgot, till after the house was built.

Princess Daskoff, the young murderess, who had so great a hand in the slaughter of the Emperor Peter, after she lost the favour of Katharine, came to Edinburgh and resided in what is now Gibbs's Hotel in St Andrew's Square she gave her parties in the large room there—she afterwards paid a long visit to Mr Daniel Campbell, M.P. at Woodhall, where are still two portraits of her—a miniature on ivory and an oil painting the last well done and very characteristic—she was supposed to have an amour with him; and contrived to fleece him out of all the family diamonds. Lady Stafford told me that when a girl, she went with her grandmother Lady Alva—to meet the Princess at tea at Mrs Greenfield's, in Middleton's Entry—Mrs Greenfield's son was tutor to the Princess's son—the Russian was quite covered with costly furs and diamonds, and came with her guards.

The Justice Clerk Lord Alva's house was in

Miln Square, the second door from the Bridge Stairs, a flat. There was what was called a pin, or risp, at the door. Ladies Sutherland and Glenorchy, the daughters of Lady Alva by her first husband, were married in Lord Alva's house there. He bought Drumsheugh, and built the drawing room, which is still one of the best rooms in Edinburgh.

September 20, 1825.

DEAR MR C.,—I return the sheet with some corrections which you may adopt as you please; only be sure to insert *nobleman*, as that is matter of fact. I should not have scrawled over your proofs so very unmercifully, had I not lately heard some animadversions on the style of the last numbers of the *Traditions*, and of the *Walks*. But then I am the worst judge in the world of such matters. If you have any English friend at hand, you should get him to revise your MSS. You have not mentioned the Female Intellectual Club, which, I think, Campbell in his quarto book about Scottish poetry and music (I forget its proper title) talks of.—Yours very truly, C. K. S.

The principal Oyster Parties in old times took place in a house in the Cowgate. The ladies would sometimes have the oyster wenches to dance in the ballroom, tho' they were known to be of the worst character. This went under the convenient name of *frolic*. A woman of reputation who can find pleasure in such orgies, is ten thousand times more depraved than the unhappy creatures with whom she consolidates. I have heard that said wenches were always excellent dancers. The fine gentlemen of the period had frequently balls in the oyster taverns where they were the only females. How much ^{of} Edinburgh is improved in some particulars.

In one of the early numbers of *Constable's Magazine* is a notice about the tippling of Scotch ladies in an account of old Scotch manners—very curious.

Lady Elizabeth Howard, Duchess of Gordon, Dr of the Duke of Norfolk, by Lady Anne Somerset, Dr of the Marquis of Worcester, celebrated for the disturbance she occasioned by the medal sent to the Dean and Faculty of Advocates, died at the Abbey hill—1732—



ROBERT CHAMBERS.

From an unpublished Daguerreotype by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.
(about 1845).

I suppose in that house which latterly belonged to Baron Norton; it was previously Baron Mure's. Could that be the house Lord Airth mentions? it seems old.

From Pitcairn's Assembly it appears that Lady Murray's yards were a fashionable Mall of the time—I suppose the garden in the Canongate. Lord Wemyss told me that he remembered this Duke of Gordon's mother residing in the house.

Queensberry House was built by the first duke on ground purchased from the Lauderdale family. It is in Dumfriesshire—you know that circumstance. Duke James's eldest son, Lord Drumlanrig, was an idiot, and early grew to a great height—I have seen his coffin at Durrisdeer, very long, and unornamented with the heraldic follies, which bedizen the violated remains of his relatives. When the family were in Edinburgh he was confined in the right hand wing as you enter Queensberry House, on the ground floor. Some years ago the boards still remained by which the windows were darkened halfway up, to prevent him from looking out or being seen. The day the Union was passed, his

keeper joined the whole household, who flocked to the Parliament House, and left the fool alone, a boy remaining in the Kitchen to turn the spit. When the Duke returned from his triumph, it was discovered that the idiot had broken loose, and got to the kitchen, where he was found devouring the boy, whom he had spitted and roasted. The common story is that the Duke immediately ordered him to be smothered; but from letters in my possession, I know that he survived his father, and died in England. The honours, by act of Parliament, devolved on his brother Charles. It was said that this catastrophe was a judgment on the Duke for his odious share in the Union.

The present Lord Douglas told me that he remembered residing in Queensberry House with his aunt the Duchess of Douglas—they had one half, and Lord Glasgow the other.

The Abbey of Holyroodhouse, which must have been very extensive, was the richest in Scotland. The rents are mentioned, as I think, in Pennant. There is a fragment of the old cloister, on the right hand side of the way, after crossing the Abbey strand.

When the King of France resided in the Abbey Madame Polistron, his favourite, dwelt in a small white washed house, on the left of the Chapel, looking into the Park. Her son by him, Louis Polistron, was at Madame Rossignol's Dancing school—a very handsome youth—he died young.

I remember many fragments of the royal bodies shown in the chapel; and a Countess of Roxburgh entire, saving one hand. The woman went into the vault, and threw out the body on the grass—like a blackamoor's; with one white tooth, which gave an undescribable horror to the face—it used to make children squall prodigiously. In later times, I once paid a visit to the chapel with some friends after the royal vault had been shut up. The woman who showed the place made a sad lament—'O, gentlemen, if ye had cam here a while syne, I cud hae showed ye muckle mair in this place—King James the Fifth's shuther [shoulder] and Lord Darnley's thie banes; and a gude bit o' the Earl o' Buchan's back—but there cam a French hizzie that deid here—sae first they pat her in a lead coffin;

and than in a wooden ane; and set her up on four stools—and closed up the door—they say she's to gang back to France whan the King gets there again—but I think she'll lie here till the Day o' joodgement.' This in a very peevish tone. The Lady was Madame de Guiche, wife to the present Duke de Gramont, who died at Holyroodhouse of a disease principally proceeding from her journey by sea from London to Edinburgh.

From a letter written by Randolph (Ellis's original Letters) concerning Marie's marriage with Darnley, it appears that besides the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, she had also a private Chapel there.

When Cromwell and Lambert came to Edinburgh they lodged in the Canongate, at the Lady Home's lodging.—*Hist. of the family of Gordon.*

Lord Dundee left his party of 30 or 40 horse in the Long-gate beneath the Castle, when he had his conference with the Duke of Gordon at the Postern-Gate.—*Ibidem.*

'Upon saturday at night, near unto 3 of the clock, the King conveyeth himself, the

Lord Ruthen, George Douglas, and two other, therowe his own chamber, by the previe stayers, up to the Queen's chamber, going to which there is a Cabinet about 12 feet square, in the same a little low reposing bed, and a table, at the which there were sitting at the supper the Queen, the Lady Argyle, and David with his cap upon his head.'—*E. of Bedford and Randolph to the Privy Council of England. Ellis's Letters.*

When the Queen returned to Edinburgh after the Murder, they say—'she lodgeth not in the Abbey, but in a house in the town in the Hye street, and yesterday removed to one nearer the Castle and larger'—probably that on the Castle Hill.

Marie in her letter to Elizabeth on her landing at Workington asserts that Rizzio was murdered in her presence. It is probable that he was slain going down the stairs out of the Presence Chamber, as Lord Bedford and Randolph have it.—*N.B.* the boards on which his blood is now shown are too modern.

In the MS. Life of King James the sext,
G

mention is made of a part of the Abbey called the Traitor's Tower.

The Provost's Lodgings where Marie was confined for a night and a day were 'fornent the Croce, upon the north side of the gait.'

Bassintene's house was on the South Side of the way, Endmylls Well. The Queen had a garden on the south side of the Abbey.

From French Paris's deposition it appears that The High Church was a place where people resorted as a promenade. From the same quarter it would appear that there were open corridors at Holyroodhouse—at least I take that to be the sense of *galleries*.

Bothwell at one time lodged in the chamber above the Council chamber.

The Laird of Ormiston lodged in Black Friars Wynd.

March 31, 1831.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—You know well enough that I always wish to be of use to you when I can, but I fancy Ed. Macdonald did not exactly tell you what I said to him—namely, that I was certain I should not

know almost anybody at the ball—my principal reason for not going myself in a fancy dress.

There were two very perfect figures—Miss Anstruther (Mrs General Anstruther's daughter) as Miss Harriet Byron, and Mr Anstruther as Sir Charles Grandison. Miss's apron of old point lace, her jewels and patches, were exactly according to the costume of the novel, and the whole very becoming. Mrs Maxwell, in a Spanish dress, looked better than anybody; the Messrs Gregory, as Dr Faustus and Mephistopheles, were excellent. There were many Turks, as fine as paste and beads could make them, that added to the brilliancy of the scene. The Highlanders were all as they should be. Mr Archibald E. Macdonald's dress was much admired, particularly his antique brooch. Miss Jarman, the actress, also was one of the company, and looked very well. In my life I never saw such a squeeze as getting into the supper-room presented; but the supper was really good. I, like many others, came not home till six; and I have scarcely an eye left to help me in writing this. The fact is the ball was composed of

very many nameless people. Lord Buchan was the only peer I saw. This will be of little service, but I have done my best.—Your sincere friend,

C. K. S.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE, *Monday,*
about 1840.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I send you the stuff you desired, having read it only once over, and that once made me sick. Among a thousand faults, it wants uniformity of spelling, which I cannot well correct. I advise you to throw it into the fire, and am yours very sincerely, CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

28 DRUMMOND PLACE,
Monday, January 5, 1845.

DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—At your desire (better late than never) I write what follows. Lord Holyroodhouse's mansion between the Cowgate and Brown's Square belongs to a brewer of the name of Usher, who has the title-deeds. You can have a magnificent bird's-eye view of the premises from the east side of the new bridge.

I wish you could discover whether or not

Sir Thomas Hope's house still remains in the Cowgate. I find from his diary that there died Dame Marie Stewart, Countess of Mar, of 'a brash;' her favourite son had married the d——d old Whig's daughter.

Anent my Lady Cassilis—there is a recent book called *The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, in which you are mentioned as being wrong respecting her legend; and a curious letter of the cuckold printed, to prove his affection for Madam. Now, about two years ago a person told me that there was a tradition in Ayrshire, that Lord C. took a sudden qualm of conscience, or a silly fit of returning love, and released his bird from her cage, replaced her in his bosom; and when she died, paid her coffin some peculiar honours, of which my informant had forgotten the particulars.

With many thanks for the sketches you sent me, and the worst cold in my head that I ever had in my life, yours faithfully,

CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

REMARKS ON DISFIGUREMENT OF
EDINBURGH.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

IT is a melancholy truth, tho' much more apparent to strangers who visit the metropolis of Scotland, than to the natives, that the public buildings, and almost everything which has been lately contrived to *beautify* Edinburgh have been planned with so singular a want of taste, as to furnish matter of mirth to eyes of no uncommon discernment. Lord Melville's Monument is a gigantic candlestick, with a bee hive at top; Lord Nelson's monument on the Calton hill resembles a churn; while the gate of Bridewell, facing the stranger as he enters the town, is so small that it reminds one of the gate of Macbeth's Castle in the Theatre, only the rules of architecture are not quite so accurately observed as in the paste-board prototype.

After the new approach had been made, at great expense, the beautifiers of the city, afraid that the eye would be too much dazzled by the view of the whole of Princes' St. &c. at once, kindly erected a sort of skreen on the north bridge; which gives a tasteful interruption to the prospect, take it how you please.

I am utterly at a loss to understand the position of that strange building fronting the High Kirk—before which it seemeth to sink, as a penitent sinner before the grim visage of a Preacher. Was it put into that hole to hide its uncouth style of architecture?

It was lately proposed to fall foul on the said High Kirk; and that the wretched inhabitants of the town were to pay thirty thousand pounds to have this venerable pile, the resort of their ancestors for so many ages, bedizzined all around by the taste of Provosts and Pastry cooks. The plan, I have heard, was that the whole outside of the Kirk was to be new cased of course, with the wonted, meretricious frippery of modern architecture, which is nothing but casting the riding skirt of the woman of Babel over our sober mother church. Happily, how-

ever, this odious plan seems to have miscarried, at least for the present. It is indeed plain, that St Giles's requires some repairs; but it is also as plain, what these repairs should be. Let the mullions be restored to the windows, and the windows now built up, to the walls; let the tracery round the top of the building of which enough remains for a pattern, be replaced. Let these walls and doors which were made to fashion a police office, thereby turning the holy temple to a den of thieves, be cast down, and then we shall have our old Kirk as it was in the days of our ancestors, and when it held higher men, by wonderfully many degrees, than it doth now. Nay, refreshed in this manner, it will, I contend, look handsomer than were it erected over by Messrs Montgomery and Davidson. And I appeal to every architect in London who may not have a prospect of being employed to draw the projected plan, as to the truth of this assertion.

It is certainly natural enough for Provosts and Baillies to have no taste. If they judge properly how to arrange their goods in their shop windows in the best picturesque manner,

and to adjust the devices on their signs, they should be thankful to providence and rest contented—but no such thing is the case; ambitious of fame ‘that last infirmity of noble minds,’ they impose taxes upon their slaves for the time, these unhappy townsmen, to demolish the old and interesting remains of the city, and rear monuments to their own delicate gusto in flights of steps up to the Castle, after the style of the grand stair case at Persepolis. In buildings as that lately erected on the Mound, from which, by the way, there is speedily to be a tail of one storey high shops, which will not only render that beautiful object, the Mound, still more remarkable, as obscuring the castle rock, but furnish the freshest smoke to the whole of Princes St., a proper incense to the altar of dulness with which the Mound is already adorned &c. &c. &c.

‘O Man weak man clothed with a little lively authority
most ignorant of what he’s’—

The late plan for improving the city was admirably calculated to destroy some of the most interesting remains of antiquity here; and

I think that was its principal merit. As to opening up the town, a wag remarked that the town had too many openings already, for none of them was ever filled with Coach, Cart, or foot passenger. And it is very true—the Calton hill road is a melancholy proof of it.

NOTES BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

FOR THE 'TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH,'
BY ROBERT CHAMBERS (1824).

THE present Sir Alexander Keith was not born in his grandfather's house at the head of the College Wynd, but in a separate house consisting of two flats above Mr Keith's, which belonged to my father, Mr Walter Scott, W.S., and where I had the chance to be born, 15 August 1771. My father, soon after my birth, migrated to George Square, and let the house in the College Wynd, first to Mr Dundas of Philipstoun, and afterwards to Mr William Keith, father to Sir Alexander Keith. It was purchased for the public, together with Mr Keith's, and pulled down to make way for the new college.*

I think that in the Culloden papers there is evidence of Lovat being pretty active instead

* *Traditions of Edinburgh*, first edition, vol. ii. p. 68 (1825).

of being bedfast in the years 1743, 1744. As to his character, he was too cunning to be really wise or sagacious. Much of his vice may be charitably ascribed to a strain of madness which was in his family.

Boarding school in Blackfriars wynd for young Ladies. This was kept in the middle of the last century by a well known lady Mrs Effie Sinclair of the family of Longformacus in Berwickshire and connected with some of the most ancient Houses in Scotland. My late mother was bred with this respectable Lady and in the same seminary was the beautiful Miss Duff afterwards Countess of Dumfries and Stair, and by a recent marriage Lady of the Honble. Alexr. Gordon Lord Rockville. She was sister of Sir William Duff Bart., British Consul at Cadiz. Also the late amiable and excellently well informed Mrs Murray Keith sister of Sir Robert Murray Keith commonly called Ambassador Keith from his diplomatic services—Also two Miss Humes of Linthill—All these ladies continued to be great friends during life and used to speak with the utmost respect of Mrs Effie to whom

by the by they were all Scottish cousins. And to judge by the proficiency of her scholars although much of what is called accomplishment might be then left untaught, she must have been possessed of uncommon talents for education. All these ladies had well cultivated minds were fond of reading and wrote and spelled admirably, were acquainted with history and with belles lettres without neglecting the more homely labour of the needle and the accompt book. Two of them were women of extraordinary talents and all of them were perfectly well bred in society.

Mrs Nicky Murray was tolerably, or perhaps intolerably aristocratic. Seeing a person at an assembly, who was born in a low condition, and raised by wealth acquired in some mechanical profession, Mrs Nickey, without paying the slightest respect to a very fine laced coat, walked up to him, taxed him with presumption for coming there, and fairly turned him out of the room. On the other hand, some remained without in the lobby, who were certainly well entitled to be in the room. Such was Lord Kirkcudbright who literally sold

gloves in the Lobby—except on the day of the Peers election which concluded with a ball. Lord K: reversing the freemasons song

Great King & Dukes & Lords
Have laid by their swords,

did on the contrary on that sole festival assume his sword, lay aside his apron and became one of the company whom he usually served with gloves. Goldsmith in a letter from Edinburgh writes in some such style as this.

‘One day happening to step into Lord *Kilcolry's*—don't be surprised his Lordship is only a glover.’

EARL AND COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Some little conjugal familiarities having passed between this amiable couple as they outstripped the pace of their attendants and carriages in walking up Cairn O'Mont, were celebrated by some conscious Miss who should have held her tongue if she could not shut her eyes on the occasion, in verses to the tune of the Highland Laddie.

Coming over the Cairn O'Mont
And doun among the blooming heather &c.

'Your wellcome heartily' to the tune of the wedding of 'Old Ballimore.' There are more verses but not worth preserving.

There was a masking vat for brewing ale brought from Holyrood House where it had been used to brew ale for Prince Charles Edward during his abode there. The Hanoverians, in scorn, made it long serve as a lining for the watering trough near Jocks Lodge. I remember it there perfectly.

The Duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth was the last lady in Scotland who had *pages* in the proper acceptation of the word, that is young gentlemen of good birth who learned their breeding in attending on persons of quality. The last of her attendants of this sort, died a general officer, I forget his name. If a letter was delivered the domestic gave it to the page the page to the waiting gentlewoman (always a lady) and she at length to the Duchess. She kept a tight hand over her clan and tenants but was on the whole beloved. Her lameness was not so visible as your

informer mentions. She was however plain, as appears from her portraits, one of which I have, and what is more even Dryden who inscribes a play to her, talks much of her wit in the dedication but not a word of her beauty which shows the case was desperate. She was supposed to have been courted by James II. but his Majesty chose such ugly mistresses as induced his brother to say his Confessor had assigned them for penances. I never heard there was anything improper in her intimacy with the King which certainly saved her own estate from forfeiture on the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. She was buried on the same day with the too much celebrated Colonel Charteris. At the funeral of Henry Duke of Buccleugh ten or twelve years since, I was shown an old man who had been at the Duchess of Monmouth's funeral & Charteris's also. He could still walk to Edinburgh yet must have been near 100 years old. He said the day was most dreadfully stormy which all the world agreed was owing to the Devil carrying off Charteris. The mob broke in upon the mourners threw cats, dogs, packs of cards,

&c., upon the coffin. The gentlemen drew their swords & cut away among the rioters, and in the confusion one little man was pushed into the grave, and the Sextons who of course were somewhat rapid in the discharge of their office, began to shovel the earth in upon the quick & the dead. My Grandfather by the mother's side was present, his wife Jean Swinton of Swinton being a cousin of the Charteris family. He was much hurt, & I have heard my mother describe the terror of the family when he came home with his clothes bloody & his sword broken.

I knew the Miss Ramsays of Viewfield who were very good ladies and I think by no means likely to behave in the absurd way here mentioned. A sort of Cupola on the house caused it to be called Flycap Hall. They themselves called it Viewforth—and Capt. Macrae named it Marionville.

The estate of Lochore was twice sold after the Malcolms parted with it before it was purchased by my daughter-in-law's late father.

Dugald Gedd had been a silversmith but

in his opinion his red coat had made him completely military. Seeing a lady without a beau at the door of the assembly room he offered his services 'if the arm of an old soldier could be of any use.' 'Hoot awa Dougal,' said the lady accepting his assistance however, 'an auld tinker you mean.'—Capt. Gordon once of Gordonstoun in Berwickshire one of the oldest families in Scotland found himself obliged at a later period to accept of this situation.

Miss Jeanie Elliot. She was the sister of Commodore Elliot and of course of the late Lord Minto. She certainly wrote some part, or the greater part, of the verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest which are sung as ancient beginning

I've heard a liltin' at our ewe's milking

but the other set beginning

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling

was written by Mrs Cockburn born Miss Rutherford of Fairnalie & married to Cockburn

of Ormistoun son to Lord Justice Clark. She was an exceedingly clever woman & being a relation and intimate with my mother, I knew her very well.

Princess Dashkoff made a great sensation in Edinr. The people here annexed our British ideas of preeminence to the title of *princess*, though on the continent it is inferior to that of Duchess. Princess Dashkoff took advantage of this mistake to take precedence of the present Duchess of Buccleugh who not much pleased at this breach of ceremony determined on the next occasion to take her own rank and walk first out of the room. The Princess guessed what she was about to do and just as they were going to move came up to the Duchess took hold of her familiarly with '*Allons, ma chère duchesse, point de ceremonie.*'

Poor May Drummond made a bad end of it. She took to picking and stealing. I have somewhere a copy of tolerably good elegiac verses written on a picture of May Drummond in the character of Winter the following two stanzas I recollect

Full rightly hath the artist placed
In Winters guize thy furrowed brow
And rightly raised thy feeble breast
Above the elemental glow.

Not only on thy tottering frame
Thy withered cheek and deafened ear,
But on thy fortune and thy fame
Relentless winter frowned severe.



ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1870.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH.*

BY DICK TINTO.

Oh Canigate puir elrich hole,
 What loss, what crosses does thou thole !
 London (and death) gars thee look droll,
 An' hing thy head ;
 Wow but thou has e'en a cauld coal
 To blaw indeed.

ALLAN RAMSAY—*Lucky Wood's Elegy.*

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendor to disgrace.

LORD BYRON.

IT is well known that the Canongate, the Cowgate, the High Street, and the various lanes and closes of the more ancient part of the Scottish Capital, though now only inhabited by the middle and lower ranks, were in former

* [This manuscript is in the holograph of Sir Walter Scott, and was no doubt given by him to Robert Chambers, with other memoranda to be found in the preceding pages. The *nom de plume* Dick Tinto belongs to one of the characters described in the Introduction to the *Bride of Lammermoor*, but why it was used in this instance there is no evidence to show.]

times the mansions of the nobility and higher classes of Ecclesiastics, as also the French Ambassadors, who were the constant visitors of the Scottish Court before the Reformation. Many of the houses in the lowest obscurities of the Old Town, at present the resorts of infamy and vice, were once the abodes of the chaste Nuns of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The religious houses erected at the instigation of remorse or penitence by the Scottish Kings and Nobles, being finally plundered of all their valuable furniture at the Revolution, were converted into dwellings for the plebeians; and the still more splendid palaces of the nobility were condemned to the same fate, a few years thereafter, when forsaken by their possessors at the Union of the Kingdoms and departure of the Parliament. It is this incident which Allan Ramsay, who witnessed it, so feelingly deploras in the Motto.

The Cowgate continued to be the residence of the Senators of the College of Justice till the erection of the New Town, when Ancient Edinburgh was finally deserted by all the higher ranks and left to the possession of

tradesmen, and such as preferred a residence there for convenience or for cheapness. This fatal spirit of migration has continued in force even to our own days; for of late several of the public offices have been removed to the northern part of the city; and it is not improbable that in the course of another century, Edinburgh may have altogether changed the seat of its empire to the other side of the North Loch.

When I myself first emigrated from Gandercleugh to the Metropolis, I amused myself much with taking sketches of the principal old buildings—preparatory to a projected work illustrative of the ‘Antiquities of the Canon-gate,’ but which never had the good fortune to be published. During the course of my progress in this enthusiastic work, at which I wrought a whole twelvemonth at the incessant rate of a *close* a-week, I had many opportunities of collecting traditions concerning the former noble inhabitants, with which I had intended to enliven my imagined quarto (it would be a shame to paint Antiquarian literature—even in idea—in any form less respect-

able;) so that scarce an antique window or gigantic chimney top could rear its tall form through the dim noon day smoke, without suggesting its tale of former magnificence or former crime.

In the course of these my researches, my labour was not always attended with equal success or pleasure. I could narrate a very facetious misadventure I met with, in endeavouring to displace the placard of a midwife, in order to come at a curious inscription over the door of an ancient building in Lady Fyfe's close, originally intended as a charm to prevent the intrusion of evil spirits.* But that would be beneath the dignity of an Antiquary.

Neither, however, was this pursuit unattended with a good moral effect on my inner man. It was a sermon of most impressive eloquence to contemplate a city of princely edifices, which had not only, like all the inanimate work of

* The *Lintel-charm* always consisted of a quotation from Scripture, in which one of the titles of the Deity was an essential desideratum. Every genuine old house in Edinburgh is *blessed* with one of these. That of John Knox is at present hid under the sign of a barber. *Heu, profanum!*

man's hands, survived the frail being of their founders; but remained to be profaned, when their owners' names had become strange to the ears of posterity, by sheltering the base-born plebeian, to whom the antiquity of his habitation and the recollection of its former inhabitants were equally indifferent. The tide of magnificence had rolled back and left them on the black beach, wrecked, despoiled and overgrown with the mould of age and habitual debasement. At windows where Countesses formerly sate, washerwomen hung over their mean clothes to dry. The armorial bearings of the proud Seaton were plaistered over with the sign of a retailer of '*Porter from the butt.*' In the house of one of the episcopal prelates of Edinburgh in the reign of Charles I., I found the principal room converted into the shop of a bookbinder, the finely carved roof adorned with *alto relievo* figures of Christ and his apostles daubed over with the obscurity of twenty coats of coarse whitening, while the sideral crown of the principal figure displayed its starry points blackened over with the dirt of half a century of fly-seasons. Altogether an

awful lesson of mutability of mortal grandeur! Even the house of John Knox does not seem more revered by the posterity for whose religious liberty he more than fought, than those of his prouder contemporaries. His kitchen is at present occupied as a tap room of the lowest rank, and in other parts of his mansion, an umbrella-maker, a barber, and a retailer of potatoes exercise their various vocations. His pulpit-bust was lately daubed over by subscription.

Many more of the ancient houses of Edinburgh, consecrated by their connexion with Scottish history and polluted with the crimes of a fierce and lawless aristocracy, have 'fallen from their high estate' to a lowness equally astonishing. The palace of Cardinal Beatoun, at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, once the invested seat of more than princely splendor, is now divided into a number of mean tenements for the lowest class of tradesmen. It was in this noble mansion that the Earl of Arran held council with the crafty priest, when Gavin Douglas, in behalf of his nephew the Earl of Angus, the rival of Arran, came to beseech the

Cardinal to interpose his influence in appeasing the differences of the hostile nobles; and it was from this mansion that the partizans of Arran issued, after Douglas's unsuccessful intercession, and after fighting their way through the streets of Edinburgh, were finally beaten by the opposite faction; while the Prelate who, it seems, had fought with them, retired for shelter to the altar of the neighbouring church of Blackfriars. In this Wynd also stands the lodging of the Countess of Roslin, a lady who was second in dignity to only the Queen, who never travelled without eighty maids of honour, fifty-three of whom were the daughters of noblemen, dressed in velvet and gold; besides as many torch bearers, if she chose to travel by night. The titles of her husband were so numerous that they fill half a quarto page, and prove too many for even the faithful memory of the old man who shows his tomb in the Chapel of Roslin. Blackfriars Wynd is now proverbial as the meanest street in the metropolis, for which see Arnot. The private house of the unfortunate Mary standing on the north side of the Netherbow, second from that of

John Knox, which seems to have been one of the most elegant of all the ancient buildings of the metropolis, has undergone the same degradation. It must have been an unusually splendid structure in its best days, and from the light and airy elegance which the multitude of its windows and other peculiarities display, we may almost conclude it to have been erected after the Queen's own taste—a taste which all historians agree to have been exquisite. The Brazier who now inhabits the lower story, seems to have followed in an improving degree, the elegant French taste of the original possessor; for he has thrown the whole front of his shop into one universal window. This relic, as it may be reckoned, of the genius as well as magnificence of Scotland's fairest Queen, has been adorned with her own arms carved in stone on the front of the third story, now painted over with the sign of a Carver of Chimney pieces and Girandoles. Among the numberless specimens of the decayed splendor of the ancient Scottish aristocracy, I shall only mention another; namely the mansion——

[The manuscript ends abruptly at this point.—ED.]

The letters which follow belong to the latest period of Scott's life, and, with the exception of a brief note dated Abbotsford, Feb. 14th, 1831, are all that have come into my possession. Between Sir Walter Scott and Robert Chambers personal intercourse had ceased, for the great novelist was a confirmed invalid at Abbotsford; but, as already said, letters passed between them, sometimes in reference to literary matters, and on other occasions concerning the introductions of strangers. A Miss MacLaughlin, with musical acquirements, having visited Edinburgh, besought an introduction to Sir Walter, which being granted, the following letter was afterwards received, dated from Abbotsford, March 7, 1831:

'MY DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I was quite happy to see Miss MacLaughlin, who is a fine enthusiastic girl, and very pretty withal. They—that is, her mother and she—breakfasted with me, though I had what is unusual

at Abbotsford, no female assistance. However, we got on very well; and I prepared the young lady a set of words to the air of *Crochallan*. But although Miss M. proposed to leave me a copy of the Celtic harmonies, I suppose the servant put it in her carriage. Purdie is the publisher. Will you get me a copy of the number containing *Crochallan*, with a prose translation by a competent person, and let me know the expense?

‘I fear I cannot be of use to you in the way you propose, though I sincerely rejoice in your success, and would gladly promote it; but Dr Abercrombie threatens me with death if I write so much. I must assist Lockhart a little, for you are aware of our connection, and he has always shewn me the duties of a son; but except that, and my own necessary work at the edition of the Waverley Novels as they call them, I can hardly pretend to be a contributor, for, after all, that same dying is a ceremony one would put off as long as he could. . . . I am, dear Mr Chambers, very faithfully yours,

WALTER SCOTT.’

The next letter bears a melancholy record of Sir Walter's growing bodily weakness :

‘ABBOTSFORD, *August 2, 1831.*

‘DEAR MR CHAMBERS,—I received your letter through Mr Cadell. It is impossible for a gentleman to say no to a request which flatters him more than he deserves. But even although it is said in the newspapers, I actually am far from well. I am keeping my head as cool as I can, and speak with some difficulty ; but I am unwilling to make a piece of work about nothing, and instead of doing so, I ought rather to receive the lady as civilly as I can. I am much out, riding, or rather crawling about my plantations in the morning, when the weather will permit ; but a card from Miss Eccles will find me at home, and happy to see her, although the effect is like to be disappointment to the lady. I am your faithful, humble servant.

‘I have owed you a letter longer than I intended ; but I write with pain, and generally use the hand of a friend. I sign with my

initials, as enough to represent the poor half
of me that is left, but am still much yours,
‘W. S.’

This appears to have been the last letter
received by Robert Chambers from Sir Walter
Scott.

14

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